



GUTHRIE SAYS WATCH ON NUPTIAL IS NEEDED

St. Mark's Rector Gives Plan for First Cure of Divorce Evil.

HE ATTACKS DR. GRANT

Declares It Is Childish to Criticize Canon Because It Is Inconsistent.

'WOMEN ARE NO BETTER'

Bishop Manning Also Touches on Dissolution of Marriage in His Sermon.

The Rev. William Norman Guthrie, rector of St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery, referring in his sermon yesterday morning to the divorce problem for the first time in eleven years, attacked the utterances and the attitude of the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant toward the remarriage of divorced persons and the sanctity of the married state. Bishop William T. Manning in his sermon also referred to divorce, pointing out that the recent general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Portland, Ore., strengthened the law of the church with regard to the remarriage of divorced persons.

Dr. Guthrie said he mentioned divorce, not because of his inclination to discuss it, but rather because of the widespread discussion of Dr. Grant's stand for less rigid restrictions in the Episcopal Church. Dr. Guthrie said at the outset of his sermon that he had the highest regard for the rector of the Church of the Ascension, particularly in regard to his stand for the right of free speech. "It is childish," said Dr. Guthrie, "to criticize a church canon because it is inconsistent. Of course the canon is inconsistent. It is a church law that represents a compromise of opinions. It also is nonsense to say that the attitude of the church impugns the laws of the State, for the State merely licenses a clergyman to perform a ceremony and does not compel him to do so. I might refuse to marry a couple because the bride had black eyes and I preferred brides with blue eyes. The State does not say I must marry them."

"Sold Services for Fee." Dr. Guthrie said he did not consider women better than men; that "we have talked of the womanly virtues until the churches are filled with women, but not men." Because most divorces are sought by women, he said, it does not follow that women are always blameless. "I have no regard," said Dr. Guthrie, "for the woman who would sell herself for social station or financial independence. The fault of the church is that it has not preached against such marriages. Too many lose sight of the fact that marriage should be a holy thing, with the object of better children and the perpetuation of a Christian race. Therefore, there are many who marry merely for a lark, calling it love, and repeat later. "The church has not been the watchdog of matrimony as it should have been. It has sold the services of its ministers for a fee. The church should refuse to marry those who cannot kneel down at the altar and offer up their lives to God." Summing up, Dr. Guthrie said he opposed the attitude of the Episcopal Church in two particulars: "First, it is infamous to consider marriages to be what God hath joined together when they are really the result of carnal desires and social considerations. Second, I disapprove of the 'until death do us part' section of the marriage service. Holy marriage should be a uniting of two spirits and should be for all time. It is ridiculous to consider marriage a spiritual union and then limit it to the life of the body; it is absurd to attempt to limit a spiritual relationship."

Lists Accomplishments. A review of the action of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church was the gist of Bishop Manning's sermon yesterday morning in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Bishop Manning named as the four most important things the church should do: further strengthening of the National Council, the movement toward Christian unity, the call of the convention to urge "a sane and reasonable measure of democracy in industry and the progress made in the work of the prayer book revision. He said he regarded as most important the decision wherein the convention "Approved and recognized under proper direction and supervision the exercise of the ministry of healing and the use of the Eucharist in the church, and then further the law of the church with regard to the remarriage of divorced persons; declined to give suffragan bishops the right to vote in the house of bishops; emphasized strongly the establishment of opportunity and responsibility of this church for work among foreign born Americans; declined to change the present relation of this church to the Federal Council of Churches; declined to accept the proposed new canon on deaconesses; recommended a practical and well thought out schedule of daily Bible readings."

TIPPLER GOES BLIND AS HIS WIFE SCOLDS HIM

Shoe Dealer Stricken After Day of Drinking.

David Ury, a shoe dealer of 1623 Longwood avenue, The Bronx, was at dinner last night when his wife began to scold him for staying away from home all day. Suddenly he passed his hands across his eyes. "Let me alone," he said, "I can't see you!" A moment later Ury shouted that he was going blind. His wife held a lighted match in front of his face. When he could not see it she sent him in a taxi to Lebonan Hospital. There surgeons said that the man was blind. Ury told detectives of the East Sixty-seventh street station he had been drinking all day in a Hungarian restaurant in East Seventy-eighth street, conducted by Mrs. Mary Sommer. The detectives arrested Mrs. Sommer and a waiter, Frank Dany, on charge of felonious assault.

TRADER QUOTES WHISKY DUE THIS MONTH AT \$21 A CASE

THE NEW YORK HERALD herewith publishes a typical letter from a Canadian liquor dealer with a branch office in St. Pierre, Miquelon, to a prospective client in New York city. The name of the business prospect is withheld for ample reasons. There is nothing illegal, of course, about the efforts of this liquor merchant to sell his wares in St. Pierre. The letter is interesting in that it indicates what is going on between the Miquelons and America.

With several large bootleggers in New York such correspondence is an hourly matter. The letter, dated September 13, in St. John, N. B., reads:

"We have been referred to you by Mr. Gustav Dagert of St. Pierre, Miquelon, who informs us that you will be in the market for Scotch whiskeys in the near future. "We have a branch at St. Pierre, but our stock there at the present time is very limited. We have, however, a steamer which is due to leave Glasgow on the 20th of this month with a cargo of 6,000 cases, consisting of Johnnie Walker Red Label, King George IV. and Lawson's Black & White Scotch whiskeys. These are the finest brands obtainable at the present time. We have been stocking (another well known brand), but find that the quality has been off, and while this brand is popular for your purposes, still we feel that the quality will sooner or later make it a hard brand to handle and for that reason we prefer to handle only the best quality whiskeys."

"As soon as the goods reach St. Pierre, which should be about the first part of October, we will be in a position to quote you, as the freight and insurance vary in nearly every shipment. However, our prices should be in the vicinity of twenty-one or twenty-two dollars."

"Should you require any additional information we shall be pleased to furnish this upon hearing from you. Trusting soon to have the pleasure of your esteemed business, we remain, "Yours very truly,

"JOHN J. BRADLEY, LIMITED. " (Signed) L. J. Corr, Vice-President."

Hard upon the foregoing letter from the Bradley concern came the following letter to the same business prospect. This letter is dated September 21 and came from the offices of Henry Hollander Company, Inc., commission merchants, importers and exporters, 1451 and 1453 Broadway, New York city. It reads:

"Dear Sir: "We mutual friends, Messrs. J. J. Bradley, Ltd., of St. John, N. B., have written us to ask that we get into touch with your good self at an early opportunity."

"We are taking the liberty of asking that, at your early convenience, you will kindly call on the writer relative to the subject of which you have written to our above friends."

"Thanking you in anticipation for your early visit, we are "Yours very truly,

HENRY HOLLANDER COMPANY, INC., " (Signed) E. L. J. Stephens, Vice-President."

FRENCH WHISKY PORT SENDS 500,000 CASES IN 9 MONTHS

Continued from First Page.

agents raided a dinner given Gov. Cox in Boston," gurgles the fat partner. "Thought I'd die laughing. I was there, of course, and afterward when I told Harry Daugherty and Roy Haynes I thought they'd split their sides. Hey, Doc?" "Yes," agreed the spare end of the team. "You shall read more about this pair in another article."

The Six Who Admit It.

There is no camouflage about the group of six huskies that has formed the fat man's audience since we left North Sydney. They are bootleggers. They look it. They admit it. Three of them have come from New York and three from Boston. They all work for the same syndicate. "Who's the big boy of this Boston-New York syndicate?" demands the fat man. "Say, Mister," sneers Benny, a gentle soul from Seventh avenue and 125th street. "I ain't askin' you no personal questions, am I?" "No offense, no offense," soothes the fat man. "Only a big millionaire is back of me, too, and I thought we might be related in business, that's all."

"Who's your man? In the shipping business down on Broadway near the Battery?" "If I said yes, it wouldn't mean anything." "Well, that's the way for a guy to talk—so it don't mean anything—in this business," philosophized Benny. One of Benny's sextette, a vulpine gentleman of 30 or so, was defending the negative side of a debate that St. Pierre within another year was going to make a deserted village of Nassau as far as the booze running industry is concerned. "Gimme Nassau every time," he insisted, shivering in the damp cold of the St. Pierre sunset. "A guy knows what he's doing dealing with them Brits in the Bahamas. It's slap down your money and take your cargo and off you go for Florida or Savannah or Jersey or Long Island or Boston with an English speaking crew. If a guy talks nasty to you down there you know how to answer; but up here what happens?"

"You start trading with a Frog and you got things going right and what happens? Along comes another Frog and the pair of them get to talking Frog, and how the hell do you know they ain't framing you? Besides, these Frogs has changed the game all around. Now a guy don't get a chance to make a cent without he's got a million. Everything's done by code from New York or Boston, and all we do is take orders from a boss and maybe a bust in the jaw if nothing worse from a roughneck you ain't never seen before. Gimme Nassau, for me. Ain't it so, buddy?"

Pace Is a Swift One.

By far the most imposing of us all, as we crowded into the Pro Patria's bow, was Monsieur Alfalfa. We had compromised upon that as a name for him. Before going further, it might be well to explain that at least fifteen of us were traveling under assumed names, so the names upon the ship's passenger list meant nothing at all. Monsieur Alfalfa spoke no English. Fewer than ten days before the evening we arrived in St. Pierre he had completed a survey of the grain export possibilities in Canada, and what he had told thereof to a group of Americans in New York had caused them to pack him and his English speaking secretary off for St. Pierre to cheer the natives with the information that before next June a large distillery, built with American money and directed by him, a French distiller of wide experience, would rise near the cold storage plant that the French Government built in St. Pierre during the war but never used.

Monsieur Alfalfa won his name by his magnificent easy beard, which he savagely and nervously chewed. He is about 50 years old, rubicund of face and boulevardier of manner. "Pray do not confuse Monsieur with others you may see in St. Pierre," begs his interpreter. "He is an important man of affairs—large affairs. Such is his standing in Marseilles that the President of the Republic is frequently his guest. He has distilled wines and cognac. He has made for himself a vast fortune which the war dissipated enormously. He did not, like others, profit financially by the war."

"Knowing the splendid reputation of Monsieur and understanding that he has the power to win many concessions from the French Government, Americans of wealth approached him with the request that he take their money and erect upon the island of St. Pierre a large American distillery. American money has done it in Mexico, in Havana. Why not in St. Pierre? Is it not so?" "Mais oui," agrees Monsieur Alfalfa. As for the rest of us up there in the bow of the Pro Patria, we are an ordinary lot of sailors, tradesmen, rum runners, bootleggers and nondescripts. Of all of us there is but one man who seems pretty certain of having come to St. Pierre on a mission not related to the rum traffic. He is the owner of a small coal mine in Nova Scotia and he came to sell coal if he could. As it turned out he sold no coal, for the product of his mine suffers from ill repute in these islands. He is a very respectable looking man, too, and in this also he is set apart from us as are Monsieur Alfalfa and his secretary-interpreter.

The \$10,000,000 Output.

But down there on the quay? Here, my friend, we have furors. We clamor over the Pro Patria's ship and leap to the dock. There is a ladder and helping arms for the women and children, but for us men it means hurling our baggage over and following it as best we can. We land upon the quay and are shoved through the customs by one of St. Pierre's three gendarmes (they are going to need 300 if St. Pierre does as big a business as Nassau has) and a magnificently uniformed customs officer. So here we are in this hitherto almost unknown French colony off the south coast of Newfoundland and out of which since the first day of this year have gone, in all manner and description of vessels, to the United States more than 500,000 cases of British and American whiskeys and French brandies for which the rum runners paid about \$10,000,000, the average price per case here in St. Pierre for all of it being about \$20 f. o. b. the rum running ship.

Of that \$10,000,000 the French Government has taken about \$1,750,000. For every case of hard liquor imported into St. Pierre \$3.50 has gone into the French treasury, that being the duty a case exacted by Paris. And this (take it from the merchants of St. Pierre themselves) is but a start. Within six weeks from the date of the publication of this story winter will have settled upon these northern waters and these dismal islands. Unlike the semi-tropical Bahamas, the Miquelons and St. Pierre are forced to suspend general traffic in the winter. But with the coming of spring St. Pierre purposes having within its borders another 100,000 ready to leave for the States, and there is not a merchant here who will not predict that upward of 1,000,000 cases of booze will leave this tiny port next year for distribution, through well organized channels, in the United States. In a later article these figures will be analyzed in greater detail.

The Arrival.

So we resume our story of our arrival in St. Pierre. They are lenient with you in the customs. They desire to do nothing that will discourage you. What, for example, if the agent of a rum running syndicate were to be offended and, piqued, report adversely upon St. Pierre as a source of supply. Would that not be most unfortunate? It would. Therefore we are treated most courteously in the customs shed. And then! You are set upon, (awed upon, almost caressed by) merchants who, first of all, desire to know whether you speak French. No? Well, what of it? They will speak English. Would you care to buy the schooner Paradis? Two hundred and twenty-five tons net. Can carry 4,500 cases. Already equipped with French papers, French captain, French mate and entire and experienced French sail. All she needs is a crew complement. You may place thereon six sailors of your own—English speaking ones. And how about 1,000 cases of Black and White delivered on your own boat at \$21.50 and God bless you! Would Monsieur care to make an appointment with the most reliable commissioner in St. Pierre, who would, at

Monsieur's leisure, relate to him how unreliable so many of the commissioners of St. Pierre were and how much safer Monsieur would be were he to listen to none but Prosper Piedfort, who stood now before Monsieur yearning to do business?

Would Monsieur care to walk but a little way, leaving his luggage in Charles Festiva's office while Charles Festiva's brother-in-law scoured about seeking for Monsieur the finest room in the cleanest lodging house in the village, and view a warehouse wherein no fewer than 5,000 cases of White Horse whiskey are stored awaiting the word of Monsieur when they shall be placed upon his schooner at \$24 a case?

Would the gentleman be interested in a beautiful trawler capable of carrying 2,500 cases in absolute safety to wherever the gentleman desires? Probably no such trawler has ever been offered for sale in St. Pierre. It can make ten knots an hour under conditions of the worst. It is truly a great bargain at the miserable price of \$20,000? No? Well \$18,500. No? Well, perhaps the gentleman would be willing to listen to the truth of the angels—not a cent less than \$15,000? Never before has the swift, sure, beautiful, now Marquette been offered for sale, and never again will the gentleman have the pleasure of considering such an offer.

Behold them! Georges Descret, coatless and collarless, and yet sweating despite the evening chill, scurrying hither and yon quoting prices on Old Orkney, Black and White, Hunter, Dewar's Special, Peter Dawson's Old Curio (magnificent hiker), Peter Dawson's Special, O. V. M., Green Stripe, Johnny Walker black label, Johnny Walker red label, Antiquary, Haig & Haig five star and King William IV.

The Champagne Agent.

Out of the hurly-burly, squirmed toward you like a seed, comes the famous Rene Le Propret, remarkable in all the remarkable business of St. Pierre. He is agent for carpet sweepers, chocolates, coal, sugar, automobiles, true copies of old masters, smoking tobacco, asbestos shingles, palm leaf fans, gramophones, correspondence courses in banking and engineering, aerial-up-sec, Piper sec, fancy waistcoats, fire fighting apparatus, jewelry (bijou fix), soap AND—Piper Heideck champagne.

That's the trouble with Rene Le Propret; he is agent for too many things. He is all cluttered up with agencies. The man's mind has become a wilderness of prices and commodities.

"I was in the French army," said M. Le Propret to THE NEW YORK HERALD reporter, "and let me tell you, it didn't pay."

Of course Rene has never had a chance to sell a carpet sweeper, an automobile, a true copy of an old master, an asbestos shingle, a correspondence course in banking and engineering, a palm leaf fan nor a piece of fire fighting apparatus. You will be able to understand why as this series of articles goes on. But, nevertheless, Rene is at his wit's end most of the time.

"The best soap of Paris," quotes Rene, "is at your disposal at \$7 in thousand ton lots."

"But, Monsieur Le Propret, are you not mad?" "Ah, but yes. I was thinking of Cape Breton coal." But now Rene has dismissed much of his erstwhile worry to concentrate upon Piper Heideck champagne. He offers Piper demi-sec, Piper sec, Piper (gout American) and Piper brut extra at \$25 a case delivered upon your boat in St. Pierre. Which, according to anybody who ever bought champagne in these droughty days, seems fair enough.

Rene Le Propret is squirted out of the mob once more and he offers his champagne to another stranger while you are besieged by an agent who drags you along the waterfront to where three ramshackle wooden buildings stand. They are empty. Years ago they were built for the storage of salted cod. In the second story of this series you shall be told why they no longer contain cod and haven't for years. And the reason is not an alcoholic one; they contained no cod for some years before the States went dry.

They have been taken over, patched up, roofed anew and rendered less odorous by John J. Bradley, Ltd., of St. John, New Brunswick, who, perhaps, before this story will have appeared, will have landed upon the quay at St. Pierre 6,000 cases of Scotch.

"But, Monsieur," says the native crier of the absent Bradley's wares, "I myself offer you 500 cases of Old Orkney at \$18, 250 cases of Haig & Haig at \$25, 100 cases of Johnny Walker at the unheard price of \$20, 100 cases of Dewar's special at \$24, 500 cases of Black and White at \$21.50, 1,000 cases of Mumm's champagne at \$24 and 5,000 cases of White Horse at \$24."

"This is my own private stock," says he. "I sell it before Bradley's men arrive. It is from my own storehouses. For these prices I load it for you upon your own schooner. Besides, Monsieur, would you care to purchase a trawler? She is visible from where we stand—the Marie La Coste, 1,500 tons, nine knots an hour. The price, Monsieur, is but \$17,000. My references are the Bank of St. Pierre and the Canadian Bank of Commerce."

"If you care not to buy the superb Marie La Coste I have a trawler which at your service at a leasing price we may settle upon when we know the extent of the business you purpose negotiating. I am at your service, Monsieur."

All this and more has happened to you before you have found bed and board in St. Pierre. You have not yet left the quay except to view the Brad-

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SHOES FOR WOMEN

[The next article, to be published tomorrow, will deal with the rum running trawlers and schooners in the harbor, the crews thereof, the routes they take, the preparations they make, the costs of fitting out rum running expeditions, the dangers involved and some personal stories of the sailors.]



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